

Overlord 36

Chapter 36: Busy Dr. Yang

Half an hour later, Ma Zhao's fractured ribs had been treated with a special technique by Yang Fei, and his internal injuries were also suppressed, gently waking him up.

"Mr. Yang." Ma Zhao opened his eyes, saw Yang Fei, and instinctively called out.

Yang Fei nodded and said, "You broke three ribs, but luckily they didn't puncture the chest cavity. You're quite fortunate."

Ma Zhao, his face pale, expressed his gratitude, "Thank you, Mr. Yang, for saving my life."

Yang Fei shook his head with a smile and said, "I charge for my services, so no need for thanks."

Ma Zhao also laughed, but the laughter triggered his internal injuries, causing him to cough a few times in pain.

Yang Fei said, "I've prescribed a formula for you. Take it on time every day, and after about ten to fifteen days you should mostly recover."

Ma Zhao was overjoyed, "Mr. Yang truly is a Divine Doctor. Normally, such internal injuries wouldn't heal for three to five months."

Yang Fei was accustomed to such flattery and accepted it calmly, saying, "These injuries were caused by someone else's attack, weren't they?"

Ma Zhao, reminded of Xu Xingzhou's aggressiveness, couldn't help but feel lingering fears.

At the time, he foolishly went alone to stop Xu Xingzhou from escaping.

Even Mr. Qi and Brother Long together couldn't subdue such a ruthless person. His own charge was tantamount to suicide.

Luckily, he was blessed with good fortune.

However, regarding Xu Xingzhou attacking the Dragon and Tiger Hall, he had previously been warned by Qi Tai and Zhang Long not to mention it to outsiders, especially not to trouble Mr. Yang again, so he found an excuse and said, "Hmm, I was injured in a fight."

Yang Fei did not suspect anything and advised him to recover well. Ma Zhao nodded repeatedly and took the prescription to fetch his medicine and leave.

When Ma Zhao was brought to the clinic, many people were still queuing up waiting for Li Xuantong's treatment.

Now, seeing Ma Zhao, who had been at death's door, able to come out on his own to get his medicine after being treated by Yang Fei, they all marveled silently.

Zhou Cheng and other clinic staff immediately seized the opportunity to promote that Yang Fei's medical skills were extraordinary, rivaling that of Li Xuanton.

Some patients who had taken numbers but were still behind ten or more people in the queue, seeing that Li Xuanton hadn't yet dealt with another elderly patient and not knowing when it would be their turn, were tempted to try something different.

Eventually, a middle-aged man walked towards Yang Fei's consulting room.

Ten minutes later, the middle-aged man walked out beaming, sparing no praise, "He truly deserves to be an expert personally recruited by the Divine Doctor Li Xuanton. His medical skills are indeed remarkable, and he is so young and talented."

Subsequently, many waiting patients surrounded the middle-aged man, eagerly asking him for details.

"That Dr. Yang is really young, isn't he? He looks about the same age as my grandson. Does he really have genuine skill?"

"Yes, these young people are all rather impatient these days. How many of them really learn true skills?"

"Exactly, especially with traditional medicine. The older, the more experienced. Have you ever seen a young famous traditional doctor?"

The middle-aged man who had been treated by Yang Fei retorted with widened eyes, "That's because you haven't experienced Dr. Yang's medical skills. As far as I'm concerned, his skills are no less than those of the famous doctor Li Xuanton, perhaps even better. Believe it or not, it's up to you."

After saying this, he walked away happily.

The people who came to the clinic were all initially there to see Li Xuanton, and though the middle-aged man had been treated and was highly praising Yang Fei's extraordinary skills, everyone still held a skeptical attitude.

Just then, an old woman suddenly clutched her stomach and cried out in pain.

She appeared to be in her seventies and was supported by a middle-aged woman.

The middle-aged woman, looking anxious, said, "Mom, can you bear it? If not, we should switch hospitals."

The old woman was in so much pain that her whole body convulsed, her face turned ashen, and she couldn't speak a word, her entire body slumping to the ground.

Zhou Cheng and other clinic staff quickly came up to help.

"Mr. Yang, please come quickly; we can't have accidents in the clinic," Zhou Cheng said, his forehead sweating.

The master was still treating the previous elderly patient, and now an incident like this had happened. If someone really were to have an accident inside the clinic, it could greatly impact the clinic's reputation.

The old woman's daughter had also just seen Yang Fei treating Ma Zhao and the middle-aged man. She had thought about taking her mother to see Yang Fei first, but her mother only trusted Li Xuantong.

The situation was critical, and the middle-aged woman hurriedly pleaded with Dr. Yang, "Dr. Yang, please help my mother."

Her face was full of anxiety, and her eyes were red.

Yang Fei noted her filial piety and nodded silently, his gaze falling on the elderly woman. After just a glance, he asked, "Does your mother have epilepsy?"

The middle-aged woman nodded hurriedly, "Yes, she has had it for many years, and despite seeking medical advice numerous times, we've never found a solution."

Yang Fei nodded, "This is a case of intractable epilepsy."

The woman asked anxiously, "Can Mr. Yang treat it?"

She saw her mother's body convulsing, her pupils dilated, and foam forming at the mouth, which worried her immensely.

Although she had seen it countless times, she always worried each time her mother had an attack.

Yang Fei squatted down and pressed his slender fingers onto the elderly woman's head.

In just the span of three breaths, the old woman's spasms ceased, and her pupils slowly relaxed.

The onlookers marveled in astonishment.

The patient's daughter suddenly widened her eyes, looking at Yang Fei in disbelief.

Although the episodes weren't very long, her mother's condition was special, and as she was getting older, the duration of the episodes was also increasing.

Li Xuanton had treated her before, and it had some effect, but it was not a cure.

Moreover, once, when her mother had an episode in front of Li Xuanton, although he managed it, it didn't have the immediate effect that Yang Fei's treatment did.

Moments later, the elderly patient came to, as if nothing had happened.

Dr. Yang stood up and said, "The main cause of your mother's epilepsy should be a disorder of the central nervous system. The elderly lady is not too old; if properly managed, there is a chance for a cure."

Upon hearing this, the patient and her daughter were overjoyed and immediately requested a treatment plan.

Yang Fei instructed them to go to the clinic where he would perform a detailed examination of the elderly lady before prescribing the right medication.

Twenty minutes later, the mother and daughter emerged from the clinic, ecstatic, with the daughter continually looking back to bow and thank Dr. Yang.

Yang Fei said, "You should start with the prescribed regimen, and come back weekly for acupuncture. She should be better in two months."

The mother and daughter left with endless thanks.

Patients in the waiting line in the clinic became restless.

First, there was the middle-aged man, then this elderly epilepsy patient whose condition was controlled on the spot.

Not to mention, there was the example of Ma Zhao before them.

This increased people's trust in Yang Fei's medical skills.

Those in a hurry went directly into Dr. Yang's clinic.

Once the first went in, a second followed.

Every patient who came out of Dr. Yang's clinic was smiling broadly.

Thus, Dr. Yang's clinic started to get busy.

By late morning, Li Xuanton, somewhat exhausted from emergency cases, still planned to persevere and see the other patients who had been queued up for the day.

However, when he glanced towards the waiting area, his expression changed.

"Xiao Zhou, weren't there many people this morning?" Li Xuanton asked, seeing only a few people waiting, somewhat puzzled but also secretly relieved.

Fewer patients were good, as it meant fewer people suffering and a lighter load for himself.

Zhou Cheng shook his head, his expression cheerful, "No, everyone who came today had an appointment scheduled a week ago. By the rules, twenty people for the morning, all showed up."

Li Xuanton gasped in surprise, "They all came? Where are they then?"